



PLEAD "RIGHT" TO TAX

REPUBLICAN PARTY STILL
STRONG FOR PRIVILEGE.

Chairman Hilles, in His First Official Document, Pleads for the Trusts Against the Interests of All the People.

Charles D. Hilles, the newly chosen chairman of the Republican National committee, as his first official act sounds a defiance to the enemy. The Democratic platform begins with recognition of the notorious fact that the Constitution does not authorize the laying of tariff taxes for the protection of manufactures. Says Chairman Hilles:

"It (the Democratic platform) declares as false the vital issue of the constitutional liberties of the individual. . . . It would leave the individual defenseless in the protection of those rights declared inalienable under the Constitution."

It might be just as well for us to get clearly in mind exactly what "right of the individual" Chairman Hilles is defending. It is the right of one man to tax another for his own benefit.

That is what protection means. Under the Payne-Aldrich tariff there is a heavy tax on gloves. Mr. Hilles, like all good Republicans, stands for the "right" of ex-Congressman Lit-tauer of Gloversville, N. Y., to tax the working women of St. Louis by exacting a higher price for inferior gloves than good ones would bring if sold in competition with the open market.

Under the Payne-Aldrich law articles manufactured of rubber are protected by a heavy tax. Chairman Hilles stands for the "right" of the Aldrich rubber interests thus to tax American consumers of rubber for their own profit.

Under the Payne-Aldrich law there is a heavy tariff on steel rails. This enables the Steel trust of Mr. Gary, Mr. Perkins and Mr. Morgan, which makes steel so cheaply as to sell tens of thousands of tons each year in the foreign market in competition with the purchaser of steel at home—a burden which forms part of every railroad rate and is one factor of the high cost of living in every home. And Mr. Chairman Hilles stands for the "constitutional liberty" of Mr. Morgan and the steel magnates thus to tax the rest of us in order to make more Pittsburgh millionaires and pile up more cash and securities in the vaults of the Steel trust banks!

The Democratic party asks nothing better than the opportunity to join battle with the Republicans on the "right" to tax everybody for the profit of somebody.—St. Louis Republic.

Proper and Improper Tariffs. Daniel C. Roper, chief clerk of the ways and means committee of the house, statistician and tariff expert, says:

"The Democrats have clearly shown that there are two kinds of tariff; one for revenue, and one for protection; that the revenue tariff is intended to produce the necessary money to support the federal government; that a protective tariff is to tax the people to raise revenue for private pockets. As the tariff wall of prohibitive duties is increased, just so are trade combinations fostered and the people required to pay exorbitant prices. Prohibitive tariffs prevent relief from without the country, while combinations plunder the people within the country. Again, as the revenue for private pockets increases, that for the public treasury diminishes, because of the high and protective wall created against imports."

Can Reduce Cost of Living. The promise to reduce the cost of living has been held out so often and so fruitlessly by seekers after office during the past few years that the wonder is that we should hear it again. When Governor Foss was elected for the first time two years ago it was on the platform that his election would cheapen commodities to the people of Massachusetts. He is now well in his second term and the cost of living is higher than it was at the date of his first inauguration. A governor of Massachusetts has no real power to reduce prices directly. A president of the United States, standing on a sympathetic national platform, can initiate legislation and general policies tending to wipe out some of the factors of excessive prices, not high prices. His platform has behind it the pledge of legislation to put it in operation.

Verdict is Against Taft. He has been tried. The verdict of the big majority of his own party, the unanimous verdict of all other parties is that William Howard Taft is un-faithful, unreliable, unfit.

Duty of the Democracy. The task now before the Democracy is to revise the tariff in the interest of the people and not of the plundering barons of the steel, wool, cotton and rubber interests, to infuse earnestness into trust prosecutions, and to reform the currency laws. We want to put a Democratic president at one end of Pennsylvania avenue and a Democratic senate at the other, so that when Champ Clark lifts the gavel over the new Democratic house the best chapter in the history of legislation at Washington will begin.

Fitted for High Position. There is one qualification which the Democratic nominee for the vice presidency possesses that is not usually asked—or obtained—and this is that he is thoroughly fitted to perform the duties of president, should fate call him to the first place. He was seriously proposed for that exalted post by the voters of his own state, and his qualifications as to character, ability, and popularity—so those say who know him best—rank with those of his distinguished associate.

SYNOPSIS.

Enid Matland, a frank, free and un-spoiled young Philadelphian, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Matland. James Armstrong, Matland's protégé, falls in love with her. His persistent wooing irritates the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer. Enid hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help. Kirkby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and at Kirkby's request keeps them.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Surveying the great range she wondered where the peak climbers might be. Keen sighted though she was, she could not discover them. The crest that they were attempting lay in another direction hidden by a nearer spur. She was in the very heart of the mountains; peaks and ridges rose all about her, so much so that the general direction of the great range was lost. She was at the center of a far lung covey of crest and range. She marked one towering point to the right of her that rose massively grand above all the others. Tomorrow she would climb to that high point and from its lofty elevations look upon the heavens above and the earth beneath, eye and the waters under the earth far below. Tomorrow!—it is generally known that we do not usually attempt the high points in life's range at once, content are we with lower altitudes today.

There was no sound above her; the rushing water over the rocks upon the nearer side she could hear faintly; there was no wind about her to stir the long needles of the pines. It was very still, the kind of a stillness of body which is the outward and visible complement of that stillness of the soul in which men know God. There had been no earthquake, no storm, the mountains had not heaved beneath her feet, the great and strong wind had not passed by, the rocks had not been rent and broken, yet Enid caught herself listening as if for a voice. The thrill of majesty, silence, loneliness was upon her. She stood—one stands when there is a chance of meeting God on the way, one does not kneel until he comes—with her raised hands clasped, her head uplifted in exultation unspeakable, God-conquered with her face to heaven upturned.

"I will lift up mine eyes toward the hills whence cometh my salvation," her heart sang voicelessly. "We praise thee, oh, God, we magnify thy holy name forever," floated through her brain, in great appreciation of the marvelous work of the Almighty shaping master hand. Caught up as it were into the heavens, her soul leaped to meet its maker. Thinking to find God she waited there on the heaven kissing hill.

How long she stayed she did not realize; she took no note of time; it did not occur to her even to look at the watch on her wrist, she had swept the skyline out off as it were by the peaks when first she came, and when at last she turned away—even divinely moments must have an end—she looked not backward. She saw not a little cloud hid on the horizon behind the rampart of the ages, as it were, no bigger than a man's hand, a cloud full of portent and which would alarm greatly the veteran Kirkby in the camp and Matland on the mountain top. Both of them unfortunately were unable to see it, one being on the other side of the range, and the other deep in the canon, and for both of them as for the girl the sun still shone brightly.

The declivity to the river on the upper side was comparatively easy and Enid Matland went slowly and thoughtfully down to it until she reached the young torrent. She got her tackle ready, but did not casting, as she made her way slowly up the ever narrowing, ever rising canon. She was charmed and thrilled by the wild beauty of the way, the spell of the mountains was deep upon her. Thoughtfully she wandered on until presently she came to another little amphitheater like that where the camp was pitched, only smaller. Strange to say, the brook or river here broadened a little, perhaps twenty feet across; a turn had thrown a full force of water against the huge boulder wall and in ages of effort a giant cup had been hollowed out of the native rock. The pool was perhaps four or five feet deep, the rocky bottom worn smooth. The clearing was upon the opposite side and the banks were heavily wooded beyond the spur of the rock which formed the back of the pool. She could see the trout in it. She made ready to try her fortune, but before she did so an idea came to her—daring, unconventional, extraordinary, begot of innocence and inexperience.

The water of course was very cold, but she had been accustomed all her life to taking a bath at the natural temperature of the water at whatever

season. She knew that the only people in that wilderness were the members of her own party, three of them were at the camp below; the others were ascending a mountain miles away. The canon was deep sunk, and she satisfied herself by careful observation that the pool was not overlooked by any elevations far or near. Her ablutions in common with those of the rest of the campers had been by piecemeal of necessity. Here was an opportunity for a plunge in a natural bath tub. She was as certain that she would be under no observation as if she were in the privacy of her own chamber. Here again impulse determined the end. In spite of her assurance there was some little apprehension in the glance that she cast about her, but it soon vanished. There was no one. She was absolutely alone. The pool and the chance of the plunge had brought her down to earth again; the thought of the enlivening exhilaration of the pure cold



"Help! For God's Sake!"

water dashing against her own sweet warm young body changed the current of her thoughts—the anticipation of it rather.

Impulsively she dropped her rod upon the grass, unplanned her hat, threw the fishing basket from her shoulder. She was wearing a stout sweater; that, too, joined the rest. Nervous hands manipulated buttons and the fastenings. In a few moments the sweet figure of youth, of beauty, of purity and of innocence brightened the sod and shed a white luster upon the green of the grass and moss and pines, reflecting light to the gray brown rocks of the range. So Eve may have looked on some bright Eden morning. A few steps forward and this nymph of the woods, this naiad of the mountains, plunged into the clear, cold waters of the pool—a water sprite and her fountain!

CHAPTER V.

The Bear, the Man and the Flood.

The water was deep enough to receive her dive and the pool was long enough to enable her to swim a few strokes. The first chill of the icy waters was soon lost in the vigorous motions in which she indulged, but no more human form, however brawny and insured, could long endure that frigid bath. Reluctantly, yet with the knowledge that she must go, after one more sweeping dive and a few magnificent strokes, she raised her head from the water, lapping her white shoulders and shaking her face clear from the drops of crystal, faced the shore. It was no longer untenanted, she was no longer alone.

What she saw startled and alarmed her beyond measure. Planted on her clothes, looking straight at her, having come upon her in absolute silence, nothing having given her the least warning of his approach, and now gazing at her with red, hungry, evil, vicious eyes, the eyes of the covetous filled with the cruel lust of desire and carnal possession, and yet with a glint of surprise in them, too,

as if he did not know quite what to make of the white loveliness of this unwanted apparition flashing so suddenly at him out of the water, this strange invader of the domain of which he was sole master and lord paramount, stood a great, monstrous, frightful looking grizzly bear. Uraus Horribilis, indeed.

He was an aged monarch of the mountains, reddish brown in color originally, but now a hoary dirty gray. His body was massive and burly, his legs short, dark colored and immensely powerful. His broad square head moved restlessly. His fanged mouth opened and a low hoarse growl came from the red cavern of his throat. He was an old and terrible monster who had tasted the blood of man and who would not hesitate to attack without provocation, especially anything at once so harmless and so whitely inviting as the girl in the pool.

The girl forgot the chill of the water

distant heaven, the appeal went forth accompanied by the mightiest conjuration known to man.

"For God's sake, help!" How dare poor humanity so plead, the doubter cries. What is it to God if one suffers, another bleeds, another dies? What answer could come out of that silent sky? Sometimes the Lord speaks with the loud voice of men's fashioning. Instead of in that still whisper which is his own, and the sound of which we fail to catch because of our own ignoble babble!

The answer to her prayer came with a roar in her nervous frightened ear like a clap of thunder. Ere the first echo of it died away, it was succeeded by another and another, and another, echoing, rolling, reverberating among the rocks in ever diminishing but long drawn out peals.

On the instant the bear rose to his feet, swayed slightly and struck as if an imaginary enemy with his weighty paws. A hoarse, frightful guttural roar burst from his red slaving jaws, then he lurched side ways and fell forward, fighting the air madly for a moment, and lay still.

With staring eyes that missed no detail, she saw that the brute had been shot in the head and shoulder three times and that he was apparently dead. The revolver that came over her was bewildering; she swayed again, this time not from the thrust of the water, but with sick faintness. The tension suddenly taken off, unstrung, the loose bow of her spirit quivered helplessly; the arrow of her life almost fell into the stream. And then a new and more appalling terror swept over her. Some man had fired that shot. Actaeon had spied upon Diana. With this sudden revelation of her shame, the red blood beat to the white surface in spite of the chill water. The anguish of that moment was greater than before. She could be killed, torn to pieces, devoured, that was a small thing, but that she should be so outraged in her modesty was unendurable. She wished the hunter had not come. She sunk lower in the water for a moment faint to hide in its crystal clarity and real-

ized as she did how frightfully cold she was. Yet, although she froze where she was and perished with cold, she could not go out on the bank to dress, and it would avail her little, she saw swiftly, since the huge monster had fallen a dead heap on her clothes.

Now all this, although it takes minutes to tell, had happened in but a few seconds. Seconds sometimes include hours, even a life-time, in their brief composition. She thought it would be just as well for her to sink down and die in the water, when a sudden splashing below her caused her to look down the stream.

She was so agitated that she could make out little except that there was a man crossing below her and making directly toward the body of the bear. He was a tall black bearded man, she saw he carried a rifle, he looked neither to the right nor to the left, he did

not bestow a glance upon her. She could have cried aloud in thanksgiving for his apparent obliviousness to her as she crouched now neck deep in the benumbing cold. The man stepped on the bank, shook himself like a great dog might have done and marched over to the bear. He uprooted a small nearby pine, with the ease of a Hercules—and she had time to mark and marvel at it in spite of everything—and then with that as a lever he unconcernedly and easily heaved the body of the monster from off her clothing. She was to learn later what a feat of strength it was to move that inert carcass weighing much more than half a ton.

Thereafter he dropped the pine tree by the side of the dead grizzly and without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees, turning at the point of it and was instantly lost to sight. His gentle and generous purpose were obvious even to the frightened, agitated, excited girl.

The woman watched him until he disappeared, a few seconds longer, and then she hurried herself through the water and stepped out upon the shore. Her sweater which the bear had dragged forward in its advance, lay on top of the rest of her clothes, covered with blood. She threw it aside and with nervous, frantic energy, wet, cold, though she was, she jerked on in some fashion enough clothes to cover her nakedness and then with more leisurely order and with necessary care she got the rest of her apparel in its accustomed place upon her body, and then when it was all over she sank down prone and prostrate upon the grass by the carcass of the now harmless monster which had so nearly caused her undoing, and shivered, cried and sobbed as if her heart would break.

She was chilled to the bone by her motionless sojourn, albeit it had been for scarcely more than a minute in that icy water, and yet the blood rushed to her brow and face, to every hidden part of her in waves as she thought of it. It was a good thing that she cried; she was not a weep-

ing woman, her tears came slowly as a rule and then came hard. She rather prided herself upon her stoicism, but in this instance the great depths of her nature had been undermined and the fountains thereof were fain to break forth.

How long she lay there, warmth coming gradually to her under the direct rays of the sun, she did not know, and it was a strange thing that caused her to arise. It grew suddenly dark over her head. She looked up and a rim of frightful black, dense clouds had suddenly blotted out the sun. The clouds were lined with gold and silver and the long rays shot from behind the somber blind over the yet uncovered portions of the heaven, but the clouds moved with the irresistible swiftness and steadiness of a great deluge. The wall of them lowered above her head while they extended steadily and rapidly

occupied with the sights of the streets and with his own thoughts, drops to the pavement and democracy merely notes that Frederick VIII. is dead and Christian X. is king of Denmark.—Chicago Tribune.

Well Qualified. Miss Jenny Porchet, who has charge of the prison at Agde, in the canton of Vaud, is now fifty-two years of age, and thirty-one years ago she married the then prison governor. At his death the authorities advertised

for a successor and among the applicants was his widow, who had managed the prison during her husband's long illness. Another point in her favor was her physique. In height she was only an inch of six feet, and possessed the muscles of a wrestler. The prison commission doubted her fitness, but when she offered to try her strength against the most powerful gentleman, all doubts subsided. The prison is said to be the best managed in Switzerland.—London Globe.

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An elderly and kindly gentleman, who had eaten well and enjoyably, who wanted his little stroll alone,

at Lutten; of Charles XII, killed before Frederikshald.

Of Louis XVI, submissive and meek, guillotined; of Alexander II., blown up by nihilists; of Duc de Reichstadt, dead at Schonbrunn; of Prince Napoleon, killed in Zululand.

Of Frederick VIII. of Denmark, dead in the streets of Hamburg, alone, unknown, and unidentified—the strangest death of all that have come to kings.

We have democratized the deaths of kings, having democratized their lives, and one imagines that the im-

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HIS THE STRANGEST DEATH

in the Long Line of Notable Demises of Kings, None Equals That of Frederick of Denmark.

" . . . Let us sit upon the ground And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

Of Saul, king of the Jews, falling on the sword his armor bearer did not dare to use against him; of Belshazzar slain in the sack of Babylon; of Mithridates, king of Pontus, poison

proof, killed at his own bidding by a Celtic soldier; of Alexander of Macedonia, dead at thirty-three in Babylon.

Of Harold II., king of the English, mutilated at Hastings; of Richard I., dead of an arrow at Chalus; of Richard II., murdered in prison; of Edward V., murdered in prison; of Richard III., slain at Bosworth.

Of Louis IX. of France, the saint, dying in the crusade against Tunis; of Charles I., the sweet gentleman of England, executed at Whitehall; of Gustavus of Sweden, dying as he won